THE SPEECH OF Henry Dowdall, Esq;

Recorder of *DROGHEDA*

To His MAJESTY, at His Entry into the Town of DROGHEDA,

On the seventh of *April*, 1689.

Imprimatur. PATRICK CLOGHER.

Most Sacred SIR,

AMong the many Miracles which adorn almost every step and passage of Your Most Sacred Majesty's Life, we think none more Conspicuous, taken in all its Circumstances, and Providential Accidents, than Your Majesty's late, more than Miraculous Landing in this Your Ancient, Loyal, and long-suffering Kingdom: A Blessing, by so much the more surprising, by how much the less expected! A Blessing, of which our Ancestors ne're could dream, when their thoughts were proudest! A Blessing, for which we our selves ne're could hope, when our Misfortunes allowed no other Consolation but what we were forced to seek in dubious Propheſies, or in our almost worn and tired Devotion! A Blessing, in fine, which late Posterity will scarcely believe, be it ne're so credulous.

For our shares, (*Great Sir*) we are forced to confess, that the novelty of our present Happiness is still so surprizing, that *Joy* of the one side, and *Wonder* of the other, have so divided our Souls, that we scarcely find leasure for a single thought. And yet, we can't but perceive, as the descending of a God was formerly requisite to the re-instating of laps'd Man, that e'neso the coming of a God-like *KING* was absolutely requisite to the redeeming of a Loyal Distressed People from a Captivity, in its Cause, Duration and Severity, not to be parallell'd in Story.

In Effect (*Great Sir*) a faint Beam shot from a distant Sun thorow so many thick intervening Clouds, was scarce able to dissipate the envenomed Foggs, for almost forty years so predominant in this Isle; and nothing less cou'd do it, than the more powerful warmth of that Sunshine, which on Your Majesties first Landing, overspread our Hemisphere.

And

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And tho' we c[illegible]t utterly abhor and deteſt the firſt moving Cauſe of this Your Moſt Gr[illegible] Viſit, yet can't we but Praiſe and Bleſs Providence, for having raiſed to [illegible]n the Perjury, Treachery, and Perfidiouſneſs of others, a fair opportunity [illegible]exerting thoſe truly loyal Principles which our ſlaughter'd Anceſtors ſigne[illegible]th their Blood, and avowed with their dying Groans.

Yes (*Sacred Sir*) it muſt make for the Credit of long wrong'd *Ireland*, that She ſtill ſuffer'd for, and with her Royal Maſter: And if now there be found in Her any Diſtemper or peccant Humour, it proceeds from the too great fulneſs of pamper'd Traytors, who Gorg'd with the Fat of Loyal Sufferers, muſt at length have broke out in the old Sores and Ulcers of Rebellion.

But ſince it pleaſed God, and You (*Great Sir*) to have preſerved the Head and Heart ſtill ſound, the malignancy of the Diſtemper being now caſt into the Extremity of one Limb, and the Sore being brought to maturity, Your Majeſty may with ſafety apply a Diſcretionary Medicine.

What remains to me, (*Great Sir*) is humbly to Implore Your Majeſties Acceptance of a Sacrifice, which this day I am Commiſſion'd to offer. It is (*Great Sir*) the Hearts and Hands of this Adoring Croud, the Lives and Fortunes of all theſe the Ancient Inhabitants of Your Majeſties moſt Ancient, and moſt Loyal Town of *Drogheda*. That their Blood is ſincere, and proof againſt the Scurvy of Rebellion; Witneſs thoſe Walls; Witneſs theſe Pavements Conſecrated by the Gore of their Ever-faithful Progenitors.

We will conclude (*Great Sir*) with a ſhort Prayer, and it is not that Your Majeſty either Protect us in, or Reſtore us to our loſt Property, our Churches, or our Benefices: No. Our Loyalty is ſo Seraphick, that it rejects all thoſe droſſy Allays of Self-Intereſt; but it is (*Sacred Sir*) that Heaven, whoſe Darling we are ſure you are, may grant to Your Moſt Sacred Majeſty, after having daſhed to pieces all Treaſonable and Traiterous Aſſociations and Conſpiracies, after having ſored like a Sun in its full Meridian o're the Heads of all Your Enemies, and unnaturally Rebellious Subjects, after having diſmembred Rebellion it ſelf, that Infernal *Hydra*, and driven it into its Helliſh Manſions, where we are ſure it took its firſt Breath, a Happy, a Speedy, a Safe, and a Glorious Return to Your Antient Imperial Throne; in Succeſs, a *Ceſar*; in Conqueſt, an *Alexander*; and a *Conſtantine* in Religion.

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FINIS.